

But mine shall be a comfort to your Age,
The losse you haue, is but a Sonne being King,
And by that losse, your Daughter is made Queene.
I cannot make you what amends I would,

Therefore accept such kindnesse as I can.
Dorset your Sonne, that with a fearfull soule
Leads discontented steppes in Forraine soyle,
This faire Alliance, quickly shall call home
To high Promotions, and great Dignity.

The King that calles your beauteous Daughter Wife,
Familiarly shall call thy *Dorset*, Brother:
Again shall you be Mother to a King:
And all the Ruines of distressed Times,

Repay'd with double Riches of Content.
What? we haue many goodly dayes to see:
The liquid drops of Teares that you haue shed,
Shall come againe, transform'd to Orient Pearle,

Aduantaging their Loue, with interest
Often-times double gaine of happinesse.
Go then (my Mother) to thy Daughter go,
Make bold her bashfull yeares, with your experience,

Prepare her eares to heare a Woers Tale.
Put in her tender heart, th'aspiring Flame
Of Golden Soueraignty: Acquaint the Princeesse
With the sweet silent houres of Marriage ioyes:

And when this Arme of mine hath chastised
The petty Rebell, dull-brain'd *Buckingham*,
Bound with Triumphant Garlands will I come,
And leade thy daughter to a Conquerors bed:

To whom I will reitall my Conquest wonne,
And she shalbe sole Victoreesse, *Cæsars* *Cæsar*.
Qu. What were I best to say, her Fathers Brother
Would be her Lord? Or shall I say her Vnkle?

Or he that slew her Brothers, and her Vnkles?
Vnder what Title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the Law, my Honor, and her Loue,
Can make seeme pleasing to her tender yeares?

Rich. Inferre faire Englands peace by this Alliance.
Qu. Which she shall purchase with still lasting warre.
Rich. Tell her, the King that may command, intreats.
Qu. That at her hands, which the kings King forbids.

Rich. Say she shall be a High and Mighty Queene.
Qu. To waile the Title, as her Mother doth.
Rich. Say I will loue her euerlastingly.
Qu. But how long shall that title euer last?

Rich. Sweetly in force, vnto her faire liues end.
Qu. But how long fairely shall her sweet life last?
Rich. As long as Heauen and Nature lengthens it.
Qu. As long as Hell and *Richard* likes of it.

Rich. Say, I her Soueraigne, am her Subiect low.
Qu. But she your Subiect, lothes such Soueraignty.
Rich. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.
Qu. An honest tale speedes best, being plainly told.

Rich. Then plainly to her, tell my louing tale.
Qu. Plaine and not honest, is too harsh a style.
Rich. Your Reasons are too shallow, and too quicke.
Qu. O no, my Reasons are too deepe and dead,

Too deepe and dead (poore Infants) in their graues;
Harpe on it still shall I, till heart-strings breake.
Rich. Harpe not on that string Madam, that is past.
Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne.

Qu. Prophan'd, dishonor'd, and the third vsurpt.
Rich. I sweare.
Qu. By nothing, for this is no Oath:
Thy George prophan'd, hath lost his Lordly Honor;

Thy Garter blemish'd, pawn'd his Knightly Vertue;
Thy Crowne vsurp'd, disgrac'd his Kingly Glory:
If something thou would'st sweare to be beleu'd,
Sweare then by something, that thou hast not wrong'd.

Rich. Then by my Selfe.
Qu. Thy Selfe, is selfe-misvs'd.
Rich. Now by the World.
Qu. 'Tis full of thy foule wrongs.

Rich. My Fathers death.
Qu. Thy life hath it dishonor'd.
Rich. Why then, by Heauen.
Qu. Heauen wrong is most of all:

If thou didd'st feare to breake an Oath with him,
The vnity the King my husband made,
Thou had'st not broken, nor my Brothers died.
If thou had'st fear'd to breake an oath by him,

Th'Imperiall mettall, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my Child,
And both the Princes had bene breathing heere,
Which now two tender Bed-fellowes for dust,

Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Wormes,
What can'st thou sweare by now.
Rich. The time to come.
Qu. That thou hast wronged in the time ore-past:

For I my selfe haue many teares to wash
Heereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
The Children liue, whose Fathers thou hast slaughter'd,
Vngouern'd youth, to waile it with their age:

The Parents liue, whose Children thou hast butcher'd,
Old barren Plants, to waile it with their Age.
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou hast
Misvs'd ere vs'd, by times ill-vs'd repast.

Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent:
So thrice I in my dangerous Affayres
Of hostile Armes: My selfe, my selfe confound:
Heauen, and Fortune barre me happy houres:

Day, yeeld me not thy light; nor Night, thy rest.
Be opposite all Planets of good lucke
To my proceeding, if with deere hearts loue,
Immaculate deuotion, holy thoughts,

I tender not thy beauteous Princely daughter.
In her, consists my Happinesse, and thine:
Without her, followes to my selfe, and thee;
Her selfe, the Land, and many a Christian soule,

Death, Desolation, Ruine, and Decay:
It cannot be auoyded, but by this;
It will not be auoyded, but by this.
Therefore deare Mother (I must call you so)

Be the Atturney of my loue to her:
Pleade what I will be, not what I haue beene;
Not my defects, but what I will deserue:
Vrge the Necessity and state of times,

And be not peeuish found, in great Designs.
Qu. Shall I be tempted of the Diuell thus?
Rich. If the Diuell tempt you to do good.
Qu. Shall I forget my selfe, to be my selfe.

Rich. If your selfes remembrance wrong your selfe.
Qu. Yet thou didst kil my Children.
Rich. But in your daughters wombe I bury them,
Where in that Nest of Spicery they will breed

Seules of themselves, to your recomforture.
Qu. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?
Rich. And be a happy Mother by the deed.
Qu. I go, write to me very shortly,

And you shal vnderstand from me her mind. *Exit Qu.*
Rich. Beare her my true loues kisse, and so farewell.
Relenting Foole, and shallow-changing Woman.

How now, what newes?
Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. Most mightie Soueraigne, on the Westerne Coast
Rideth a puissant Nauie: to our Shores
Throng many doubtfull hollow-hearted friends,
Vnarm'd, and vnresolu'd to beat them backe:

'Tis thought, that *Richmond* is their Admirall:
And there they hull, expecting but the aide
Of *Buckingham*, to welcome them ashore.
Rich. Some light-foot friend post to y Duke of Norfolk,

Ratcliffe thy selfe, or *Catesby*, where is hee?
Cat. Here, my good Lord.
Rich. *Catesby*, flye to the Duke.
Cat. I will, my Lord, with all conuenient haste.

Rich. *Catesby* come hither, poste to Salisbury:
When thou com'st thither: Dull vnmindfull Villaine,
Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the Duke?
Cat. First, mighty Liege, tell me your Highnesse pleasure,

What from your Grace I shall deliuer to him.
Rich. O true, good *Catesby*, bid him leuie straight
The greatest strength and power that he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cat. I goe. *Exit.*
Rat. What, may it please you, shall I doe at Salisbury?

Rich. Why, what would'st thou doe there, before I goe?
Rat. Your Highnesse told me I should poste before.
Rich. My minde is chang'd:

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Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what newes with you?

Stan. None, good my Liege, to please you with y hearing,
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.
Rich. Hoyday, a Riddle, neither good nor bad:
What need'st thou runne so many miles about,

When thou mayest tell thy Tale the neereft way?
Once more, what newes?
Stan. *Richmond* is on the Seas.
Rich. There let him sinke, and be the Seas on him,
White-liuer'd Runnagate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mightie Soueraigne, but by guesse.
Rich. Well, as you guesse.
Stan. Stirr'd vp by *Dorset*, *Buckingham*, and *Morton*,
He makes for England, here to clayme the Crowne.

Rich. Is the Chayre empty? is the Sword vnsway'd?
Is the King dead? the Empire vnpossess'd?
What Heire of *York* is there aliue, but wee?
And who is Englands King, but great *Yorkes* Heire?

Then tell me, what makes he vpon the Seas?
Stan. Vnlesse for that, my Liege, I cannot guesse.
Rich. Vnlesse for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot guesse wherefore the Welchman comes.

Thou wilt reuolt, and flye to him, I feare.
Stan. No, my good Lord, therefore mistrust me not.
Rich. Where is thy Power then, to beat him back?
Where be thy Tenants, and thy followers?

Are they not now vpon the Westerne Shore,
Safe-conducting the Rebels from their Shippes?
Stan. No, my good Lord, my friends are in the North.

Rich. Cold friends to me; what do they in the North,
When they should serue their Soueraigne in the West?

Stan. They haue not beene
Pleaseth your Maiestie to g
He must vpon my friends, and
Where, and what time your
Rich. I, thou would'st be g
But Ile not trust thee.

Stan. Most mightie Sou
You haue no cause to hold m
I neuer was, nor neuer will b
Rich. Goe then, and must
Your Sonne *George Stanley*
Or else his Heads assurance i
Stan. So deale with him,

Enter a Messenger.
Mess. My gracious Sou
As I by friends am well adu
Sir *Edward Courtney*, and the
Bishop of Exeter, his elder B
With many more Confederat

Enter another Messenger.
Mess. In Kent, my Liege
And euery houre more Com
Flocke to the Rebels, and th

Enter another Messenger.
Mess. My Lord, the Arm
Rich. Out on ye, Owles,
There, take thou that, till the
Mess. The newes I haue
Is, that by sudden Floods, an
Buckingham Armie is dispe
And he himselfe wandred a
No man knowes whither.

Rich. I cry thee mercie:
There is my Purse, to cure th
Hath any well-aduised frien
Reward to him that brings
Mess. Such Proclamatio

Enter another Messenger.
Mess. Sir *Thomas Lovell*,
'Tis said, my Liege, in Yorke
But this good comfort bring
The Brittain Nauie is dispe
Richmond in Dorsetshire sen
Vnto the shore, to aske thos
If they were his Assistants,
Who answer'd him, they ca
Vpon his partie: he mistrust
Hoys'd sayle, and made his
Rich. March on, march on
If not to fight with forraine
Yet to beat downe these Re

Enter another Messenger.
Cat. My Liege, the Duke
That is the best newes: tha